

## BACK ON THE FARM.

When the roar of the city comes up from the street, the farmer looks out of his window. There rises a vision ineffably sweet. Of a scene far away, of a dear, tranquil spot—My old childhood home that shall never be forgot. It is long, long ago since I bade it good-by. With a quivering lip, with a tear in my eye; And through all the years that have passed comes the charm Of those old, those golden days back on the farm. Do the violets there in the meadow still grow? Does the little brook still through its leafy haunts flow? Are the fields just as green, is the forest as cool? Do the minnows still shimmer and flash in the pool? Ah, that dear scene, the fairest I ever looked on. I know is unchanged, though some loved ones are gone. It has still the old grace, it has still the old charm. With the world at its happiest, back on the farm.

Some day when this struggle, this turmoil shall cease, And weary I long for a haven of peace, May fate guide my footsteps again to the place, The memory of which time can never efface. Let me pass in its calm the last years of my life, Far away from the town with its feverish strife! May the old roof-tree shelter me, safe from all harm. While I rest like a tired child, back on the farm! Malcolm Douglas, in Orange Judd Farmer.

## His Friend, The Enemy

By WILLIAM WALLACE COOK  
Author of "Rogers of Butte," "The Spur of Necessity," "Mr. Pitt, Astrologer," etc.

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## CHAPTER IV.—CONTINUED.

Rumors of the excitement had spread to the four quarters of the town and citizens came running from every direction, adding their numbers and their excitement to the tumultuous gathering in the hotel.

"Give the man a show!" cried Christopher Waffle, shrilly, springing upon a chair in the office. "Don't act like a lot of hyenas! There's law in this town and Waffle knows how to deal it out!"

"Down with old Waffle!" bellowed the crowd; "let's take the law into our own hands!"

The mob swarmed about Waffle's chair, overturned it, and the judge went down and was lost in the human wave that rolled over him.

Meantime Guy and Pedro had been doing yeoman service in behalf of the headstrong Dingle. The little man had been crowded into a five-by-seven linen closet off the upper hall and the door locked on him. Guy, the key in his hand, turned away and confronted the clamoring multitude that struggled up the stairs.

"You are men, not brutes," he shouted, "civilized citizens and not a barbarian horde!" He had used that speech once in his callow youth for a school declamation, and he poured forth that much of it with all his power. It sounded well, caught the ears of the unruly townspeople, and proved the entering wedge for a little reason. "Look!" Guy waved the key. "We have locked Col. Dingle in a closet, and if you will appoint some one to guard him, some one whom you can all trust, we will proceed to debate this question and decide, as dispassionately as we can, what shall be done with our prisoner. Don't be like ravening wolves—more of the declamation—'but prove that you are reasonable beings. Let us go down into the office and reason together.'"

"Herbert has got the right end of the stick," seconded Judge Waffle, lifting up his voice from the top of the office counter. "Do as he says and let's have a consensus of opinion."

"That is my wish," shouted Col. Keever from the foot of the stairs, "Come down, fellow citizens, come down and we will talk the matter over."

To have their leader add his personal request settled the matter, and the riotous citizens on the stairs began to descend.

"Who shall guard the prisoner?" asked Guy. "Mr. Pedro Smith?"

"No," thundered Keever; "let Sampson stand in the hall before the door."

Sampson pushed up the stairs with alacrity, took the key from Guy's hand and proceeded at once to his post. When all the others were to the punishment which should be meted out to Col. Dingle was at once begun.

A few suggested hanging in no equivocal terms; a large number were of the opinion that tarring and feathering was as far as they should go, while a conservative element believed that Col. Dingle would suffer sufficient punishment if he were set astride a pole and ridden out of town. There was but one point on which the agreement was anything like being unanimous, and that was that Dingle, before he was dealt with in any manner whatever, should go down on his knees to Col. Keever and implore his pardon.

Guy was against this and so was Waffle, and, of course, Bill Comfort. Arguments pro and con came fast and furious and an hour passed without bringing the dissenting factions any closer together than they were at first. Misunderstandings began to crop out and more than one harsh word was bandied back and forth.

Just when it seemed that the wrangling citizens would come to blows a despairing cry for help floated down from upstairs. It was Sampson's voice! What had happened? A flash every voice was hushed

and the crowd caught its breath. Then came the slamming of a door, followed by a crashing sound and a hollow groan.

Guy led the rush for the second story and found, when he reached the top of the stairs, that the closet door was ajar, the prisoner gone and Sampson lying in a huddled heap on the floor without sound or movement.

The astounded citizens looked from one to another, and as they looked, the swift fall of a horse's hoofs echoed up from the street, accompanied by a shrill and triumphant yell. With one accord the crowd flocked to the windows and caught a fleeting glimpse of Col. Dingle careering madly in the direction of Harmony. He was mounted on the horse which Guy had ridden the night before, and was waving over his head the weather vane that had been recently affixed to the roof of the new courthouse.

## CHAPTER V.

The citizens of Concord were stupefied. That weather-vane was a symbol of their defiance of the other town and to have the hated Dingle come brazenly among them, insult their leader in a peculiarly irritating manner, escape mysteriously while they were wrangling over the method of his punishment, and flee with the grotesque galvanized figure waving over his head was enough to paralyze the most rabid partizan.

Christopher Waffle was a Concord man to the marrow of his bones; but he had no love for Col. Keever—possibly because the Colonel had once overcharged him for a threshing "ad." Nor had Waffle admired the Colonel's handiwork as exemplified in the weather-vane. The judge had said that he was coarse and brutally insolent and that something would happen on account of it for which they would be sorry. In the present crisis the judge was first to find his voice and he cried in tones vibrant with a certain kind of triumph: "I told you so!"

"That's what Waff said all along," supplemented Bill Comfort.

The swarm turned upon the judge wrathfully and Col. Keever shouted:

"And do you, sir, do you mean to champion the cause of this contemptible sneak from the other side of the county?"

"No, never! But Dingle has done this town a service by making off with that monstrosity."

"What?" gasped the crowd, glaring at Waffle.

Bill Comfort planted himself at the judge's side and defiantly reiterated the judge's statement.

Col. Keever was red and wrathful. A clash was impending and Guy pushed his way between the impending factions.

"Enough of this," said he. "We have a powerful enemy in Vlandingham, and we cannot hope to win unless we present an undivided front. Instead of contending among ourselves suppose we inquire into the method of Col. Dingle's escape? And Sampson—we are forgetting about him. He may be severely hurt."

This was sufficient to turn the attention of the crowd into another channel.

GUY CONFRONTED THE CLAMORING MULTITUDE.

nel and Guy led the backward movement along the hall to the spot where the unfortunate printer was lying.

Sampson had not moved a hair's breadth. He was flat on his back, his arms and legs sprawled out and his eyes closed. There were no visible marks of injury upon his face and Guy dropped down on one knee and lifted his head.

As he did this Guy saw a section of glittering gold chain on the floor under the printer and he dropped one hand over it and concealed it in his palm. No one else had glimpsed the bit of jewelry and Guy's heart was in his throat the instant his eyes fell on it. At a favorable moment he transferred the chain to his pocket and continued his examination of Sampson.

"Stand back!" commanded the Colonel. "Give him air! Get some water, somebody! Gentlemen, gentlemen, that boy has been the trial of my life, but if he has been sacrificed by the venomous Dingle, I'll call the murderer out, by gad! I'll face him with a six-shooter, and my word for it, he'll be carried off the field."

That awful threat silenced the bystanders and forced them back, but Guy saw Waffle huddle his engineer and whisper something that made them both grin sarcastically.

"You'll not have to call Dingle out, Colonel," said Guy. "Sampson's pulse is normal, and his heart strong, and I can't find a wound on him."

Pedro arrived just then with a glass of ice water. In his excitement he dashed the whole of it in the printer's face. The effect was instantaneous and Sampson sat up, rolling his eyes and spluttering.

"Who did that?" were his first words.

"Sampson," said the Colonel, tenderly. "Do you know me? Look, boy!"

"Course I know you! Who hit me with that bucket of water, that's what I want to find out! Nice way to treat a man when he's down!"

Sampson got up energetically and looked about him with indignant eyes.

"There, there, Samp," said the Colonel, soothingly. "You were knocked down by that brute of a Dingle. Don't you remember?"

"Oh, yes," returned Sampson, peering at the open door of the closet and rubbing his forehead in a bewildered way. "Did he escape?"

"I should say he did, Sampson. How did it happen? Tell us about it."

"Well," replied Sampson, "I heard him hunting around in that closet and I opened the door to see what he was up to. After that there's a blank kind of mixed up with shooting stars, comets and other bright things."

"Where did he hit you?" inquired Guy.

"Give it up."

"That's exactly what Guy did. Either the printer had had a timely attack of heart failure or else he was shamming."

"What's this?" asked Comfort who had wandered into the closet and was now standing with his eyes fixed on the door. The next moment he stepped back into the hall, pulled the door shut and all could see that there was a letter fastened to one of the panels with a pin. The crowd surged forward eagerly.

"For that arch-conspirator, Keever, with the compliments of Col. Dingle," read Mr. Glimmer as he jerked the note from the door and handed it to the Colonel.

"Read it, Colonel," chorused the crowd, palpitating with curiosity.

The Colonel tore off the end of the envelope and drew out the inclosed sheet. His eyes flashed fire as he swept over the few lines the note contained, his face became convulsed with passion and his breast shook with his labored breathing.

"Read it, read it!" clamored the bystanders.

"No!" roared the Colonel. "This is for me alone, for me. I have borne with this contemptible cur beyond endurance. The villain! The rascal! Let him look to himself now if he can!"

The Colonel spun about on his heel and made off gracefully as fast as he was able. Sampson shot after him and then the crowd disintegrated by twos and threes and drifted in the direction of the post office, discussing the exciting events of the morning and asking each other what that note could possibly have contained to set the Colonel off at such a tangent.

A favorable moment presenting itself, Guy drew Pedro into the parlor on the second floor.

"Those two Sisters of Charity are staying in this hotel, aren't they, Mr. Smith?" asked the young man.

"Yes," replied Pedro.

"Where did they come from? Do you know?"

"I don't know a thing about them. They haven't spoken half a dozen words to me."

"Have you made any guess as to what they are here for?"

"Some charity or other, I suppose."

"Please ask them to come to this parlor. Tell them that a gentleman who is charitably disposed would like a short interview with them."

Pedro's eyes opened wide as he went away to carry out Guy's request. Presently there was a rustle of garments along the hall and the two ladies, still deeply veiled, entered the parlor. Guy bowed. They acknowledged the greeting with a slight courtesy. Pedro was standing in the door.

"I will join you in the office in a few moments, Mr. Smith," said Guy, significantly, and Pedro went away disappointed.

The young man waited until he heard the proprietor's footsteps descending the length of the stairs and then advanced to one of the ladies and handed her the chain which he had found a short time before.

"You must have the clasp repaired, Miss Vlandingham," he said, in a low tone.

Both ladies started back instinctively; and then a low laugh came from Miss Betty as she switched her veil aside and revealed her smiling face.

"You are very kind, Mr. Herbert," said she, taking the bracelet. She turned to her companion. "Lois, this is the gentleman of whom I was telling you. We are discovered, you see, in spite of all our precautions, and that proves that the best laid plans of mice and men gang aft agley. Mr. Herbert, Miss Pinkney."

Miss Pinkney was reassured by her companion's confident manner and likewise dropped her veil. She was a darkly beautiful girl and, although she seemed a trifle frightened, her gaze was steady and her lips were rigidly firm. She bowed formally.

"Miss Pinkney," resumed Miss Betty, "is a very dear friend of mine, and quite as determined to assist in winning the county seat as I am."

"You have both been very reckless," said Guy, gravely. "The citizens of Concord are exceedingly wrought up over the events of the morning, and I tremble to think of your position if you chanced to be discovered."

"We shall not be discovered," answered Miss Betty, pertly. "That is, not unless you see fit to reveal our identity."

"You know I would not do that," retorted Guy, indignantly.

"But we are here in the interests of Harmony, you know."

"I have no doubt of that."

"It would be to your interest to have us apprehended and—made prisoners."

Miss Lois paled and flashed a startled glance at her companion.

"I would rather have Concord lose the county seat," said Guy.

Miss Betty fixed her melting blue eyes upon him for a space.

"Concord will be ruined when Har-

mony gets the county seat," she went on. "I suppose, however, that you are very wealthy and would consider as a mere bagatelle the depreciation in value of a thousand or more lots."

Guy started to tell her that he had hardly a dollar he could call his own, outside of the town, but he bit his lip and kept the words back.

"Miss Vlandingham," he said, instead, "you and Miss Pinkney must return at once to Harmony. I will get a conveyance and drive you back."

"Not for worlds would I allow you to do that! If the Concord people ever found out what you had done they would turn against you."

"I'll chance it."

"Perhaps you would, but we won't," Miss Betty tossed her head.

Guy was desperate.

"Really, Miss Vlandingham," he said, earnestly, "I must insist that you let me drive you back to Harmony."

"Really!" exclaimed Miss Betty, laughing at him with her eyes. "Well, sir, we insist on staying here until we accomplish the work that brought us. You will not deport us against our will?"

"You are a pair of madcaps!" averred Guy helplessly. "If you came over here to assist Col. Dingle—"

"We did not come for that," she interrupted, hastily. "I am sorry you have such a poor opinion of us as to think we would bear a hand in such a matter. Had I been informed of Col. Dingle's purpose he would never have come here this morning."

"Yet I found your bracelet close to the room from which Col. Dingle escaped."

[To Be Continued.]

## HIS SYSTEM FAILED.

Willie Couldn't See the Doctor's Eye Because It Was Not Visible.

Dr. Saxton was a very learned man, with thin skin that reddened on the slightest provocation, and very light—not to say white—eye-lashes. In the hard days immediately after the civil war, in the absence of other employment, the good doctor took charge of the village school, and was soon nearly beside himself with what seemed the impossible task of getting little Willie Brewer to learn his abcs. Finally Dr. Saxton resorted to a system of mnemonics original with himself and began with what he thought were the easiest letters, relating Woman's Home Companion.

"Now, Willie," he said, "when you come to this long, straight letter just think of your eye. Remember, now, that is 'I.'"

But when Willie came back to the doctor's knee an hour later he had forgotten.

"What is that, my son?" inquired the doctor.

"I do know."

"Oh, yes, you do. What is it?" encouragingly.

"I do know," with mournful conviction.

"What do you see here?" asked the doctor, pointing his forefinger close to his own eye and involuntarily shutting and squinting up that organ as he did so.

Willie looked earnestly and much longer than seemed necessary. "I don't see nothin'," he at last whispered out, "but six little white hairs."

A Theological Horse Reporter, Ambrose Bierce, while out in San Francisco recently, visited the new house of an old friend, a gentleman of Irish extraction. The hostess evidently took great pride in the house, the furnishings of which were new and beautiful and gave every evidence of taste and refinement. Mr. Bierce, who has an eye for the beautiful, gave unstinted praise to everything he saw.

"But," he said, "I am sorry to see that your house, beautiful as it is, lacks one ornament which no Irish house should be without."

"What is that?" she asked, unsuspiciously.

"The hostess's eyes sparkled.

"It did," she said, indignantly, "but you have supplied the want."—N. Y. Times.

Still Held the Blue Ribbon. Not so many years ago there was a veteran teacher in the boys' high school who often made his classes wince under the lash of his bitter sarcasm and ready wit. One day a little half-starved yellow cur strayed into the school, and the boys thought they saw a chance to express their feelings towards "Fussy," who was busy in another room. The frightened mongrel was picked up, quickly fitted with a pair of large wire spectacles and placed on the teacher's chair. "Fussy" entered the room, walked to his desk, calmly surveyed the work of his pupils, and then, turning to them, pleasantly said: "In my absence, I see you have held a business meeting and elected one of your number chairman."—Argonaut.

Force of Habit. Miss Upperton (at the ball)—Let us have another round before the music stops.

DeRogier—Sure; and remember this round is on me—that is—beg your pardon, Miss Upperton. Another waltz, did you say? With pleasure.—Chicago Daily News.

Roasted Janitor. Mrs. Newlywed—What is that odor of cooking in the hall, John dear?

Mr. Newlywed—It's your mother in the basement, my love, roasting the janitor!—Judge.

Willingness to Be Taught. Willingness to be taught what we do not know, is the sure pledge of growth both in knowledge and wisdom.—Blair.

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(31-Jan-tf) CORP. WILSON, Calvert, Texas.

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10:40	8:50	Stamping Ground ..	1:20	9:15
11:10	9:20	Duval ..	1:50	9:45
11:40	9:50	Johnson ..	2:20	10:15
12:10	10:20	Georgetown ..	2:50	10:45
12:40	10:50	U. Depot "B" ..	3:20	1